

## AS FOR MYSELF

Tables were turned: Instead of me entertaining servicemen, as usually was the case, servicemen were entertaining us at the sanatorium. One Coastguardsman gave a half hour program of popular piano tunes on the piano which were well received by the many youthful jitterbugs, who couldn't dance on account of the bugs in the lungs that gives them constant jitters. Even the Pentecostal church group from Crichton had a young Coastguard to preach to us.

The G. M. & O. R. R. company, who sponsored the pianist, Tom Bristow, also gave a Valentine Party with everything that goes with it. A dozen girls sang "sweetheart" songs, refreshments were served, there was an interchange of comic valentines among the patients, and also gave each patient a good valentine, all stamped, for mailing to our best Valentine. Everything is sincerely appreciated, and Mr. McLeery, who brings the various entertainments down, is also always good for a hearty laugh with his M C'ing.

It is spring in the Southland now. During our walks we sometimes visit the lovely garden of Mr. and Mrs. Pace, a resident of Cottage Hill (By the way, Cottage Hill is a community, and not the name of the sanatorium). Mr. Pace is an admirer of the Camellia-Japonica of which he has a great number of hues and colors in his garden. Bushes in the thousands, perhaps. The garden is a riot of color and exquisite enchantment. Ah! For spring in the Southland! Pretty soon, all the Azaleas, dogwood and wistareas will bloom and heaven will descend to earth.

On St. Valentine's Day, besides the many Valentines, I was very happy to see my Fairhope "Mom", Mrs. Camilla Bonnell, and my "Foster brother," Lt. Raymond Wood, who received his pilot's wings on Feb. 2nd at Marfa Field, Tex. Raymond looked swell! Over six feet and all man! And boy, was I proud of him. Here is wishing to you extra special wishes. Luck ever be your boon companion.

Pasimatysim,  
Vyts-Fin.

## TRUE FACTS ABOUT THE FIRST WORLD WAR

V. F. BELIAJUS

(The historic part and elaboration is my own, but the legend itself I heard it told to my mother by a woman who, while telling it, interjected continually "Vai, devuliau, devuleli" (Oh, dear God, dear little God). Mother didn't believe that story, but I, who was then eight years old, did, and was awed by it.)

Too long has it been claimed that, just because an Austrian prince was killed in Sarajevo, the World War broke out. That is a foolish claim, for what had a prince of the Hapsburgs to do with the lands so far removed from Austria where this war was fought? Even on the peaceful fields of Lithuania blood was shed like water with the slaying of thousands of innocents.

A proverb tells us, that "Curiosity killed a cat." In this case not only cats were killed but millions of young men, strong and handsome as the larch. Thousands of towns were left in ruins and countless number of homes were destroyed, and all because of the curiosity of two heretics.

I presume you would like to know how this happened. I do hope that you know who St. Kazimir was, for many a great deed was done through him in Lithuania; but to enlighten you, I'll take you back to Lithuanian history.

In the fourteenth century Lithuania was still pagan. In Poland, there was no king to rule their land, but they had a beautiful and young princess named Hedwiga. The nobles of Poland, in search for a mate for Hedwiga chose Yogaila (Jagiello in Polish), Grand Duke of the mighty Lithuanian state; whose borders stretched right across Europe from the shores of the Baltic on the north to the Black Sea on the south and to the very gates of Moscow on the east.

In the marriage contract was signed, stipulating, that besides ruling over a united Poland and Lithuania as king, Yogaila was to convert himself and his nation to Catholicism. Thus, in 1387 Lithuania was converted.

But after the death of Yogaila, that Christianity forced upon the people, was driven from the land. Once more, on the high places, under oak trees, were erected pagan altars, upon which there burned the sacred fire to the thundergod Perkunas. And again there fell upon the ears of Perkunas the music wrought from the Kankles (zither-like instrument) by the strumming fingers of the Vaidylos (seers).

Then, in the year 1458 was born Kazimir, a grandson to Yogaila, who was to win, by the redemption of the Lithuanian people, the saintly halo. He caused the destruction of the pagan institutions and made of the people true Children of the Church.

St. Kazimir, when he felt death coming upon him, loving his people and loved by them, called to them and spoke: "There remains but one thing I can do to bring benefit to you. Should a great disaster ever threaten you, awaken me from the tomb. I shall heed your call and save you from impending evil." And so, peacefully, he departed from this woeful world.

Some time before the outbreak of the World War, the Lithuanians suffered persecution by the dominant Slavs, yet, trusting in the wisdom of the Almighty Father, did not call upon St. Kazimir, their patron, for assistance. But two heretics, disbelieving in the Holy Catholic Church, in the just God and in the Communion of the Saints, approached the sepulcher where lay the Sainted Kazimir, shouting aloud they cried: "St. Kazimir! A great war is raging throughout the world. Millions are being killed while those remaining are starving. Rise and deliver us, O Worthy Saint!"

The rising of St. Kazimir so astonished the heretics that they fell dead and were delivered straight to hell. Finding peace reigning over the world, with realization that he was called upon mere-

ly to be proven, St. Kazimir cursed the world for its evil ways, saying that a great destruction would be visited upon the people. And the prayers of the multitudes, who would come to his tomb, that he rise to deliver them from the too real destruction would go unheeded. That the prophecy was fulfilled we know only too well.

## NOOK OF POETRY

HIS HANDS  
Nann Baur

Small hands, sacret hands,  
Rosy and warm.  
The Child!  
The Child!  
Jesus is born.

Strong hands, sad hands,  
Crimson dyed.  
The Man!  
The Man!  
Christ is crucified.

Glorified hands, blue veined  
And pale.  
The Saviour!  
The Saviour!  
Our Lord, all hail!

### EXCERPTS FROM THE POEMS BY JON BECK SHANK

(See review "Our Bard!")

#### THE SPOILS—(7 stanzas)

The field in harvest yield  
Lies lonely in the rain  
Where sheaves of cut-down men  
Replace the season's grain.

The crop will not be stored  
In painted barn or mow;  
War's deadful food ferments  
In blood-mire row on row.

#### THE EVE OF GOING—(17 stanzas)

Will you come with me?

We were always brothers from the first,  
though you older

And spanning other generations as if you  
had one shoulder

And one foot on either side of a small  
stream . . .

I met you, remember, in a roofless grove  
And never lost you in the dim of incense,  
though

We've often talked with candles guttering  
low;

You cared for me and said so—why  
Should your honesty have shaken me,  
Why did I cry?

#### ON BEING A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OLD—(5 stanzas)

I have come from war to war  
In world no wiser than before  
Though sensitive and seeming sane  
Like pets that come in out the rain.

I have postured Images;  
Gone down in mental scrimmages;  
And yet retained as guiding star  
The ruby print on Shallmar.

## NOOK OF POETRY

(Continued from page 3)

### FURLOUGH

Gene Wierbach

I just got back from my furlough  
And what a time I had  
Seeing the "one and only"  
And good old Mom and Dad.

I saw my friends both day and night  
And rode the busses free.  
I had a car, but full of gas  
With three cards, A, B, C.

In goodly homes 'neath festive boards  
I placed my G-I feet.  
With ill regard for numbered "points"  
I gorged on rationed meat.

And far removed from army cots  
Were feather beds so rare  
That down within their snow-white depths  
Oblivion entered there.

And like a conquering hero  
I strode the time-worn "pave"  
Seeing my reflection—  
Hearing people rave.

But all too soon, good-byes were said  
To sweetheart, dad and mother.  
Back to camp I marked the days  
When I would get "another."

## YOUR COMMENT

### SGT. DENOVI . . . CHRISTIANITY!

Perhaps we can better come to an understanding if we draw a clear distinction between Christianity as the teachings of God thru Christ and the manner in which these teachings are practiced by some professing Christians. To illustrate, there is a vast difference between the principle of democracy and the way in which many people practice it, i. e., Jim Crow laws, etc. Nevertheless, misuse of democratic liberties by some does not destroy the worth of the democratic principle. For the full values of Xty (Christianity) or democracy to be realized, the people concerned must practice their full principle.

Yes, Xty has been here 2000 years and universal, eternal peace is still a stranger to our lands. But who is so visionary as to suppose that the evil rooted in man's heritage for 2000 centuries or more could be rooted out in 20 centuries? But I still maintain that no one thing has done so much to build the brotherhood of man, the fundamental requirement for lasting peace, as has Xty. True, the followers of Christ are split into many, many groups themselves. But since when has uniformity been a prerequisite for unity? Those Christians who cannot fight evil because they're too busy hunting a fight with other Xns are in the very small minority. And here I'm reminded of the statement "Those who would quarrel about religion haven't much religion to quarrel about."

There are no systems, religious, political, social, or economic, that are of themselves the "open sesame" to peace and happiness. For the real key to these

things is not in the external factors but in man himself. Therefore Christ did not try to give us a ready-made solution to the world's problems. Instead He told men the qualities they needed to solve their problems by themselves—spiritual allegiance to God above all else, personality as the highest unit of value, love as the basic principle of relationship. To me it seems that only these principles, seeded in the hearts of men, can bear the fruits of lasting peace and true happiness. And what besides the Xn gospel has as its purpose the sowing of such seed?

Lt. Wm. Rodney Shaw,  
Chaplain, USA.

(There were many responses to Sgt. Denov's comments. More will appear in the April issue. VFB.)

## OUR BARD !

(See excerpts in Nook of Poetry)

Cpl. Jon Beck Shank, now on Oahu, was chosen as an important discovery in the field of poetry. Says Horace Gregory, leading poet and critic; "certainly no poet of the 'new war generation' shows a greater promise."

His publishers wrote this of his poems (excerpts)—"Few things in the publishing practice are rarer than the acceptance for publication of an unsolicited manuscript of poems from a poet previously unknown. Jon Beck Shank's POEMS is this variety. Sent from an army camp in Florida, the manuscript of this book commanded—and received—instant attention, surprise, praise and enthusiasm. It is the varied record of a sensitive and lyrically gifted young man's reaction. . . . Out of a hubbub of unfamiliar voices this one rises clear and really new."

Jon, now 26 years old, is a native of Reading, Pa. Attended Yale for two years, and associated with the Green Hills Lake Summer Theatre. For three years he was youth counselor with the NYA, a script-writer for programs on station WEEU, and like most of the Viltis readers, he too is a folk dance "maniac." He attended the folk festivals, is a patron of all arts and foreign foods. We, indeed, are proud of Jon and extend him our very best wishes.

His book, called POEMS, containing 50 selections, was published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 501 Madison Ave., New York, 22, where you may obtain your copies, or at any book store. Price \$2.00.

Also do not forget the strictly G-I poetry of Gene Wierbach, For Whom the Whistle Blows. 50 cents per copy. Get it through me.

Two Hollywood kids were talking as they walked home from school.

"I've got two little brothers and one little sister," boasts one. "How many do you have?"

"I don't have any brothers and sisters," answered the second lad, "but I have three papas by my first mama and four mamas by my last papa."

## FINNY'S FUNNIES

### G-I THEME SONG

Oh, I'm worried 'til I'm weary  
O'er this problem grave and deep;  
Shall I sleep and lose my breakfast  
Or shall I rise and lose my sleep?

A holiday reveler with a bottle of Scotch on his hip, slipped on the ice and fell. On rising he felt something wet running down his leg. "Gosh," he said, "I hope it's blood."

An old cowboy went to the city and registered at a hotel for the first time in his life. The clerk asked him if he wanted a room with running water. "Hell no!" the cowboy yelled. "What do you think I am, a trout?"

Young lady: "I've broken my glasses.  
Do I have to be examined all over again?"  
Oculist: "No, just your eyes."

Lady (holding a cookie above the dog):  
"Speak! Speak!"  
Dog: "What'll I say?"

Lawyer: "Well, if you want my honest opinion . . ."  
Client: "No, I want your professional advice."

Indian Chief, making a speech to his tribe: "You all know me as 'Chief Train-whistle', but since I'm extremely democratic, I hope that for short, you will feel free to call me 'Toots'."

Parishioner: "What is yo' idea of heaven, brother Jones?"  
Deacon: "To attain Methuselah's age an have Solomon's wives."

Steno: "May I have my next week's pay in advance?"  
Boss: "No, I promised my wife not to make any advances to you."

Chinaman: "Funny people these Americans. They put in a glass sugar to make it sweet, then put lemon to make it sour; they add gin to make it hot and then ice to make it cold. They say 'here's to you' and drink it themselves."

"My, how you have changed! You used to have thick black hair and now you're bald. You used to have a ruddy complexion and now you're pale. You used to be stocky and now you're thin. I'm surprised, Mr. Canning."

"But I'm not Mr. Canning."  
"Look! You've even changed your name."

Reggie was an ardent lover, but his spelling wasn't so hot. However, he thought it best to write to the father of his adored one, asking for his consent.

"Dear Sir," ran the note. "I wish to ask for the hand of your daughter, the flour of the family."

The father replied: "Is it the flour of the family or the dough you're after?"